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952



INTERCEPTED LETTERS,

&c.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR, THE

Twopenny Post-Bag.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TRIFLES REPRINTED.

BY

THOMAS BROWN,

THE YOUNGER.

Elapsæ manibus ecciderе tabellæ.

OVID.

Fourth Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. CARR, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1813.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

C. Whittingham, Goswell Street, London.

DEDICATION.

TO

ST——N W——LR——E, ESQ.

MY DEAR W——E,

IT is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could

916924

have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality*, leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear W——E, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge

* Ariosto, Canto 35.

of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*, and however trifling the tribute which I offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and

attached friend,

* *

March 4, 1813.

PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S—pp—ss—n of V—e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds

about the sweet-bag of a bee*," those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with.—In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—TCH—D's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never

* Herrick.

tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals*. As in the battles of ancient times, the

* It is but fair to mention that some of these reprinted jeux-d'esprit (as the Parody on the R—G—T's Letter, the Insurrection of the Papers, the New Costume of the Ministers, and the Sale of the Tools) are *not mine*—but they appeared to be

shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents, that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are, of Muses that

so perfectly *in keeping* with my own, and were so very convenient in filling up my pages, that I trust their Author (whoever he may be) will excuse the liberty I have taken in making use of them.

have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*—so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters, should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

INTERCEPTED LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH————E OF W——S
TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—SHL—Y *.

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date,)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

* This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

Lord ELD—N first heard—and as instantly pray'd he-
To God and his King—that a Popish young Lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand
a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from
their kicks!

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right*—
" Pretty doings are here, Sir, (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)
" 'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
" To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-
shod—
" Excuse, Sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's
source—
" Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
" But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse!"

Quick a Council is call'd—the whole Cabinet sits—
The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout Man of Leather,
V—NS—TT—T, now laying their Saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

Lord H—RR—BY, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,

The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

" If the PR—NC—SS *will* keep them, (says Lord
C—STL—R—GH—)
" To make them quite harmless the only true
way,
" Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
" To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
" If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
" This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it
out."
Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes
" The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their noses—
" A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
" Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
" Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness
checks,
(Adds his Lordship humanely) or else breaks their
necks!"

This proposal receiv'd pretty general applause
From the Statesmen around—and the neck-breaking
clause

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd
Even ELD—N himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.
And my Lord C--STL—R—GH, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the QU—N's best repeater.

C———E.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book*,
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood
In this said Book, is vastly good;

* See the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.

And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The P——E, good Sir, the P——E has read it.
(The only Book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. CLARKE's)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——E in Christendom!

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They ev'n must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances* and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era;

When England's monarch need but say
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—STL—R—GH!"
Or—"hang me up those Papists, ELD—N,"
And 'twill be done—aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A Plan of radical Reform;
Compil'd and chos'n, as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdétt to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—RTWR—GHT.
Else, though the P——E be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging,—
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!

And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
He scar'd the CH—NC—LL—R just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "MUFTI!"

The tailors too have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
(While Y—RM—TH's sketching out a plan
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)
And all things fitting and expedient
To *turkify* our gracious R—G—NT!

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
So, send your System.—

Your's, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say,
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand*;

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—"A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles."—And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles, &c. &c."—See *Tales of the East*, Vol. III. pp. 607, 608.

Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And Grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions—
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six!

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them.

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E—— OF Y————*.

We miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E————GH,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-Cook, of course!—
"While you live—(what's there under that cover, pray, look)—
"While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a She-Cook.

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M——— of H———.

" 'Tis a sound Salic Law—(a small bit of that toast)—
" Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
" For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
" Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—t's condemnation;
A compliment too to his Lordship the J——e
For his Speech to the J—y—and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way;
And we car'd not for Juries or Libels—no—damme! nor
Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said—but TOM T—RRH—T
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,

And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—" I'll now try the beef"—
TOMMY whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
" I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if YOU *try* it!"

And C—MD—N was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's-coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devis'd!—
Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, " a calf's-head surpris'd!"
The *brains* were near ———; and *once* they'd been fine,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, " the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H——T with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—B'R—H chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—

To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H——T gave M——Y, and *I* gave ————.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J——E
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—C has a sly dose of jalup preparing
For poor T—MMY T—RR—T at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—MMY, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

Dublin *.

LAST week, dear N—CH—L, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near,
(The time for doing business here)
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
"These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em!
"Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
"With all the dirt ev'n *you* can pick up—

* This letter, which contained some very heavy inclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble.

" But, as the P——E—(here's to him—fill—
" Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still
" To humbug them with kind professions,
" And, as you deal in *strong* expressions—
" *Rogue*"—" *traitor*"—hiccup—and all that—
" You must be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT!—
" You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."—

Yes—" muzzled" was the word, SIR JOHN—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore*!—
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again!—
The silent victim still to sit
Of GR—TT—N'S fire and C—NN—G'S wit,
To hear ev'n noisy M—TH—W gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!

* In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the " muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again!

Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, SIR JOHN—
Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should PATRICK* his Port-folio send?
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-folio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,

* This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse.—As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

torquetur Apollo
Nomine percussus.

Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)
That, mad as Christians us'd to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—CH—L!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old GR—TT—N's jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration *.—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—†
i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'FINNS, O'FAGANS,
CONNORS, and TOOLES, all downright Pagans!

* ———— lustralibus antè salivis
Expiat. *Pers.* Sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant refereé Gallæus—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis *manasse*."

This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
No—No—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

* * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C———
TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady ———! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—
(By the bye, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment
got mine—
The Mail-Coach Edition*—prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see TOWNSEND,
last night,
Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!*)

But, my dear Lady ———! can't you hit on
some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion?—
As to having the R—G—NT—*that* show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;
Which—consid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of
the two—
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get
through,
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I
hope,
That NAPOLEON'S old Mother's to marry the
POPE,—
What a comical pair!)—but, to stick to my Rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arriv'd?
No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?

No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of Fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently black—
A few Patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or, whether Lord G—RGE (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——N's or Lord L—V—RP—L'S!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHIT-STOPSCHINZOUDHÒFF
Are the only things now make an ev'ning go smooth off—

So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better.
And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his train-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
Little GUNTER has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster*?
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH*, IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, MOHASSAN, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!—

* I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P——E and Mr. L—CK—E in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters. —How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches!

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter,
(They're Christians, and they know no better)*
In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right!
You know our SUNNITES†, hateful dogs!
Whom every pious SHIITE flogs

* "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chretien."

† *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have

Or longs to flog*—'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places†!
'Tis true, they worship ALI's name‡—
Their Heaven and *ours* are just the same—
(A Persian's Heav'n is eas'ly made,
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade.)

gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

* "Les Sunnites, qui etoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme." *D'Herbelot.*

† "In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs, &c. &c."
Forster's Voyage.

‡ "Les Turcs ne detestent pas Ali reciproquement; au contraire ils le reconnoissent, &c. &c." *Chardin.*

Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers *!
Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes—they comb their chins †
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the Government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day,

* "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination." *Mariti.*

† For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

(According to a Form that's set)
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we nat'rally expect,
Belong to US, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I inclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
United live and die—

Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye*!

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—"A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO ———— ————, ESQ*.

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it thro'—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, Sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we Publishers pass, in their stead,

* From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix for this and other enclosures.

Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—TZG—R—D's can sink it!

However, Sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—RR took to marrying lately,
The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of ALB—N—A*!

* This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between ALB—N—A, Countess of B—CK—GH—MS—E, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues.)*
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review!*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a Scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row**)
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few Villas, before Sc—tt approaches—
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn-Abbey.

* Paternoster Row.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next week—
At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Your's, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ———
———, ESQ.

COME to our Fête*, and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it;
When B——L's self inquir'd "who made it?"—
When Cits came wond'ring, from the East,
And thought thee Poet PYE *at least!*

Oh! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze

* This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips ev'n thy whisker-tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
(That lace, like H—RRY AL—X—ND—R,
Too precious to be wash'd!)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—G—T's self alone!
Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from ROMEO C—TES, Esquire—
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of Actors*! best of R—G—TS!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!

* Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, &c. *Horat.*

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Let them say what they will, that's the Man for *my* money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!

Both gay Lotharios—*both* good dressers—
Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away*.
The Ball-room opens—far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.

Illum ——————————
———— non equus impiger
Curru ducet *Achaico*.

* To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way!—
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life—(thus Sc—tt would write,
And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone*!

But, hang this long digressive flight!
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P——e neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no S———! no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so;"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French vermillion,
Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion;

* Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to the Colonel, (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) ἐων μωμεισθαι ἡ μιμεισθαι.

And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a Waltz!
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate—
While *some* chef-d'oeuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact, will be
The former Fête's *fac-simile**;
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;

* "C—rl—t—n H——e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies, &c. &c."
Morning Post.

And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a State-Room as a present!—
The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
The same gold Asses*, pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!
The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!—
So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
Some Sprats have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,
Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—NS—TT—T told
The R—G—T) are as good as *Gold!*

So, pr'ythee, come—our Fête will be
But half a Fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.

* The salt-cellars on the P——E's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

TRIFLES

REPRINTED.

ΣΧΟΛΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ.

TRIFLES.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

" It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."

Lord CASTLEREAGH'S *Speech upon Colonel* M'MAHON'S *Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said
" I'll think of Viscount C—STL—R—GH,
" And of his speeches—that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.

And then I dream'd—oh frightful dream!
FUSELI has no such theme;
——— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror, half so horrid!

Methought the P——E, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanc'd, oh jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "our sole design is
"To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The Leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,

With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
As if *determin'd* to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay ev'n Death-Warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections"—
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "*et* Tu, *Brute?*"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
"Though Paper overwhelms the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY

OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest FREDDY, the moment is nigh,
When, with P—RC—V—L's leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y—RM—TH and I thought perhaps 'twould be better
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,

With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
For, though H—RTF—RD House had long settled the question,
I thought it but decent, between me and you,
That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking, when Father went mad;
A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching;
For tools of this kind, like MARTINUS's sconce*,
Would lose all their beauty, if purified once;

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old Sconce.

And think—only think—if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
That R—SE was grown honest, or W—STM—REL—ND wiser—
That R—D—R was, ev'n by one twinkle, the brighter—
Or L—V—RP—L's speeches but half a pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me:
And it pleased me to find, at the house, where, you know,
There's such good mutton cutlets, and strong curaçoa*,
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
And my Y—RM—TH's red whiskers grew redder for joy!

You know, my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I *would*,
By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.
I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;

* The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know I did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I,
Are the last that can think the K—NG *ever* will die!

A new era's arriv'd—though you'd hardly believe it—
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.
New villas, new fêtes (which ev'n WAITHMAN attends)—
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new friends?*

* * *
* * *

I repeat it "New Friends"—for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this P—RC—V—L tribe.
Such capering!—Such vapouring!—Such rigour!—Such vigour!
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,

That soon they will bring the whole world round
our ears,
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.
When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my
chains,
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains!
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and
riches,
But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain,
Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.
Then how WELLINGTON fights! and how squabbles
his brother!
For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a City,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee!
Oh deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an
inch.
No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.

I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal—except (now I think on't) BEAU BR—MM—L,
Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K—NG into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present,
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings,
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now.)
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking,)
I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Blacking,
"To meet with the gen'rous and kind approbation
Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter,
(No man, except POLE, could have writ you a better.)

'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so long
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,
Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
To let *too* much light in on me never would do;
But even GREY's brightness sha'n't make me afraid,
While I've C—MD—N and ELD—N to fly to for shade;
Nor will HOLLAND's clear intellect do us much harm,
While there's W—STM—REL—ND near him to weaken the charm.
As for MOIRA's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H—RTF—RD and Y—RM—TH will do it!
Between R—D—R and WH—RT—N let SHERIDAN sit,
And the fogs will soon quench even SHERIDAN's wit;
And against all the pure public feeling that glows
Ev'n in WHITBREAD himself we've a Host in G—RGE R—SE!
So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to GREY,

Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose,)
By the twopenny post to tell GRENVILLE the news;
And now, dearest FRED, (though I've no predilection,)
Believe me your's always with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to P—RC—L going—
Good Lord! how St. Stephens will ring with his crowing!

ANACREONTIC

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan!
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P——E's Plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P——E to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——E's crown;
If thou canst not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of PRIOR's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates!
Pluck him well—be sure you do—
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R—y—l crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
Bigot bird, that hates the light,
Foe to all that's fair and bright!
Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen
Books, that shun the search of men;
Books, that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together

With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now—alas how much!
Only fit for Y—RM—TH's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G——GE's Son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE" and all's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M—NCH—ST—R Square took a canter
just now—
Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look—oh 'twas black as the devil!
How unlucky!—*incog.* he was trav'lling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing Princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder—
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
The P——E was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—

"Fine weather" says he—to which I, who *must* prate,
Answer'd "yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord, how GERAMB would triumphantly
scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son DICKY some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion*!

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady C—STL—R—GH.
My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In choosing songs, the R—G—T nam'd
"*Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd.*"
While gentle H—RTF—D begg'd and pray'd
For "*Young I am and sore afraid.*"

* England is not the only country, where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember" says Tavernier "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

EPIGRAM*.

What news, to-day?—"Oh! worse and worse—
"M—c is the PR——E's Privy Purse!"—
The PR——CE's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
You mean the PR——CE's *Ridicule.*

* This is a *bon-mot*, attributed, I know not how truly, to the PR—C—ss of W—ES. I have merely versified it.

KING CRACK* AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION FOR A NEW M—N—STRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings,
(At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you gladly,)
But CRACK now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS, that long had been plac'd
In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so much,
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste!—
They were monstrous to look at and rotten to touch!

* One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that CRACK was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

And these were the beautiful Gods of KING CRACK!—
Till his People, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack—
"You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then, trampling the gross IDOLS under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning "Great Cæsar!
"We are willing to worship; but only entreat
"That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."

"I'll try," says KING CRACK—then they furnish'd him models
Of better-shap'd Gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for CRACK!

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—SC—NT C—STL—R—GH?

Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS R—Y—L H—GHN—SS THE D——E OF C—B—L—D.

Said his Highness to NED, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic NEDDY?"—
"Because, Sir," said NED, looking full in his phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, FLORA, Queen of Flowers!
Waste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or, (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those, who rule us,
Those, who rule and (some say) fool us—
FLORA, sure, will love to please
England's HOUSEHOLD DEITIES*!

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. 9. v. 138.—Plutarch too tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes." *Εμπυωδεις και ποινικους δαιμονας.*

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an Orange lily—
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—FF—RD can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old ELD—N's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool
For the head of L—V—RP—L!—
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—STL—R—GH to crown,
Bring me, from the County DOWN,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er, to hide the green—
(Such as H—DF—T brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's-Day*)

* Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the Servants of C————n House every Patrick's-Day.

Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads *of every hue*—
And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture*, now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough—away, away—
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old R—E—
How the DOCTOR'S brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
But time presses—to thy taste
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S FETE.

" I want the Court-Guide" said my Lady " to look
" If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20"—
" We've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, but here's *the Red Book*,
" Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour* PLACES in plenty!"

HORACE, ODE xi. LIB. ii.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.*

† COME, Y—RM—TH, my boy, never trouble
your brains,
About what your old croney,
The EMPEROR BONEY,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

* This and the following are extracted from a Work, which may, some time or other, meet the eye of the Public —entitled "Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion."

† Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere.

* Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
† For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and—all that,
‡ And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits.

§ Thy whiskers, too, Y—RM—TH!—alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!)
to GREY.

* Nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca.

† ——— Fugit retro
Levis juventas et decor.

‡ Pellente lascivos amores
Canicie.

§ —— neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
Vultu.

* Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in your hand!*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter,
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the bye,)
† How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
Of old CHARLEY, my friend here, and drink like a new one;
While CHARLEY looks sulky and frowns at me, just
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

* —— quid æternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?

† Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere————

* To crown us, Lord Warden!
In C—MB—RL—ND'S garden
Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs;
While Otto of Roses
Refreshing all noses
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

† What youth of the Household will cool our Noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That down midst the dishes,
All full of good fishes
Romantic doth flow?—
‡ Or who will repair
Unto M———— Sq——e
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?

* ———— rosâ
Canos odorati capillos
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti.

† ———— Quis puer ocyus
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula *præterunte lympha?*

‡ Quis ———— eliciet domo
Lyden?

Go—bid her haste hither,
* And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—
† Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—ACKERMANN'S Dresses for May!

* eburna dic age cum lyra (quasi *liar-a*)
Maturet.

† Incomtum lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.

HORACE, ODE xxii. LIB. i.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

* THE man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces!

† No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care one single d-mn!

* Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

† Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce, pharetra:

* Whether midst Irish chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

† For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley.

* Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus—"The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones,) he altered the passage as it stands at present.

† Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scar'd at me even without my wig!

* Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that ROMULUS was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by ROMULUS, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis *expeditis*," (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*,") and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

* Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

* Oh! place me midst O'ROURKES, O'TOOLES,
The ragged royal-blood of TARA;
Or place me where DICK M—RT—N rules
The houseless wilds of CONNEMARA;

† Of Church and State I'll warble still
Though ev'n DICK M—RT—N'S self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like JACK and JILL,
‡ So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like JACK and JILL to tumble!

* Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—RT—N being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

† Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

‡ There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of JACK and JILL. JACK, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little Allegory.

JACK fell down,
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

" I never give a kiss, (says Prue)
" To naughty man, for I abhor it."—
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it!

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine*!

TO ——————

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo*.

Die when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
  Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
  An angel *ready-made* for Heaven!

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—*See his Life.*

THE

NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

——— NOVA MONSTRA CREAVIT.
Ovid Metamorph. L. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major CAMAC,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor GIOVANNI—
"Let's see" said the R—G—T (like TITUS, perplex'd
With the duties of empire) "whom *shall* I dress
next?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair*;

* That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of

Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces—
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The *falser* they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt?
For his Y—RM—TH's own Frenchified hand cut it out;
Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
And a Grand Household Council was held on each plait!

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his brother
Great C—MB—RL—D's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?

his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—"timore tonsoris" says Lampridius. (Hist. August. Scriptor.) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See Jul. Capitolin.)—Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife.—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?
Ah! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new Stays,
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be devilish hard work to *un*pack him again!

So, what's to be done?—there's the MINISTERS, bless 'em!—
As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em?
"An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble—
"Let CUM bring his spy-glass, and H—RTF—D her thimble;
"While Y—RM—TH shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
"The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissars."

So saying, he calls C—STL—R—GH, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be drest.

While Y—RM—TH, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition
In long tailors' measures, (the P—E crying "well-done!")
And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor ELD—N.

* * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) "HAVING LAW ON ONE'S SIDE."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

"LEGGE AUREA,
S'ei piace, ei lice."

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,
But, dearest! we've LAW on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they've got LAW on their side!

'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been done, too;
Then why should it now be decried?
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son, too?
For so argues LAW on our side!

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,
As long as we've LAW on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good Sir! go a little more slowly;
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we, are a little too *lowly*,
To hope to have LAW on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em
The People should look for their guide,
Then your Highness, (and welcome!) might kick down decorum—
You'd always have LAW on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
You still would have LAW on your side!

But for *you*, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of troubles;
By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
Who have *such* a LAW on their side!

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set:
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our Manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,

But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
Chang'd his note of a sudden, to *God save the King;)*
Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death!

You remember last season, when things went perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on,)
One Mr. V—NS—TT—T, a good sort of person,
Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
We expect too—at least we've been plotting and planning—
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—NN—NG;
And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts,
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P—PH—M,
Get up new *diversions*, and C—NN—NG should stop 'em,
Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this House to be had;
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y—RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find,
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
May be had of the Manager PAT C—STL—R—GH.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

INSTRUMENTA REGNI.

Tacitus.

HERE's a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is;
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt
In that delicate service they're rather worn out;
Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and alack!
What tool is there job after job will not hack?

Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E——NB'R——H's, none of
the best,
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools,
upon trying,
Wer't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the
buying;
They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and
screens,
And they're, some of them, excellent *turning*
machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou
shapest—
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem!*

Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—
Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is your's, Sir.
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distrest.
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in a trice—
This implement, Ge'mmen! at first was a *Vice;*
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get,)
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin,*
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd down,
Might at last cost their owner—how much? why, a *Crown!*

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close,*

And like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool such as this *is* (I'll leave you to judge it)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. *Page* 16.

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. D—G—N—N'S Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from POPE JOAN to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that, upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover, (whom she had elevated

to the dignity of Cardinal) soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time, when they were in Athens—when

" by Ilissus' stream
" We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
" The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek!—
" Ah! then how little did we think or hope,
" Dearest of men! that I should e'er be POPE*!
" That I—the humble Joan—whose house-wife art
" Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart,
" (And those alas! at sixes and at sevens)
" Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens!"

* Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—" Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hâc quanquam!"

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

" Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
" And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—
" Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
" That name should ever have been fix'd upon!"

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures, to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

" But oh! more dear, more precious ten times over—
" Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
" I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad'st *me*—ah!
" Thou mad'st the Papa* of the World Mamma!"

* This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh Century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa or Universal Father.

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis!)
Emancipatus FŒMINÆ
Fert vallum!——

LETTER VII. *Page* 33.

THE Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "THE BOOK *," of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co.—This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

* There was a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that day—Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "à tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber* in C—r—l—t—n House—Enter the P——E R—G—T solus—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims

Away—Away—
Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish BOOK!
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damned *ink* in ELD—N'S brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—RTF—D'S Spouse—
V—NS—TT—T'S head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—d—r's face!
While, turning here *(laying his hand on his heart)*
I find, ah wretched elf!
Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.
(Walks the stage in considerable agitation)
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!
Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!

* The Chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fete, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs-de-lys*.

Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words "*Wife neglected*"—"*the Book*"—"*Wrong Measures*"—"*the Queen*"—"*Mr. Lambert*"—"*the* R—G—T."

Ha! treason in my House!—Curst words, that wither
My princely soul, *(shaking the papers violently)*
what Demon brought you hither?
"My Wife!"—"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer look—
(holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras)
Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, BOOK—
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the

course of which messengers are dispatched, in different directions, for the L—RD CH—NC—LL—R, the D—E of C—B—L—D, &c. &c.—The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—NC—LL—R with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendor of his office*." The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments, upon which the CH—NC—LL—R breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

'Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P——E!—
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,

* "To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendor." *(A loud laugh.)*

Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.

"Worship my whiskers!"—*(weeps)* not a knee was there
But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,
That curl'd in conscious majesty! *(pulls out his handkerchief)*—while cries
Of "Whiskers, whiskers" shook the echoing skies!—
Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
With looks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden, clinging to her side,
As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!
The Matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung—*(wipes his eyes)*—collected in her veil—
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose.
(weeps)

Heav'ns, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire,
(With animation) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—
But ah! the Evidence—*(weeps again)* I mourn'd to see—
Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
When, lo, ye Gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?—
Throne, Whiskers, Wig soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "past One" and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—G—T (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is

held—all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—G—T for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing) was the only person, who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to Prison.

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day

May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of Spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few lov'd-ones Heaven has plac'd it near,
Nor cease, till all Mankind are in its sphere!—
The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged groupe of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about—They all rise

and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of " Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straiten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P—E (and a fig for his railers)
The Shop-board's delight! the Mecænas of Tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
But His short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat!
Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul,
While our R—G—T's finds room in a lac'd button-hole!
Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those who go loose—
Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best-fitted P——E about town!
Derry down, &c.

During the " Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——N upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honor'd Colonel—my WIFE, who's the QUEEN of
all slatterns,
NEGLECTED to put up THE BOOK of new Patterns.
She sent the WRONG MEASURES too—shamefully
wrong—
They're the same us'd for poor MR. LAMBERT,
when young;
But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the
R—G—T—
So, hope you'll excuse your's, till death, most
obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—G—T resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates, as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

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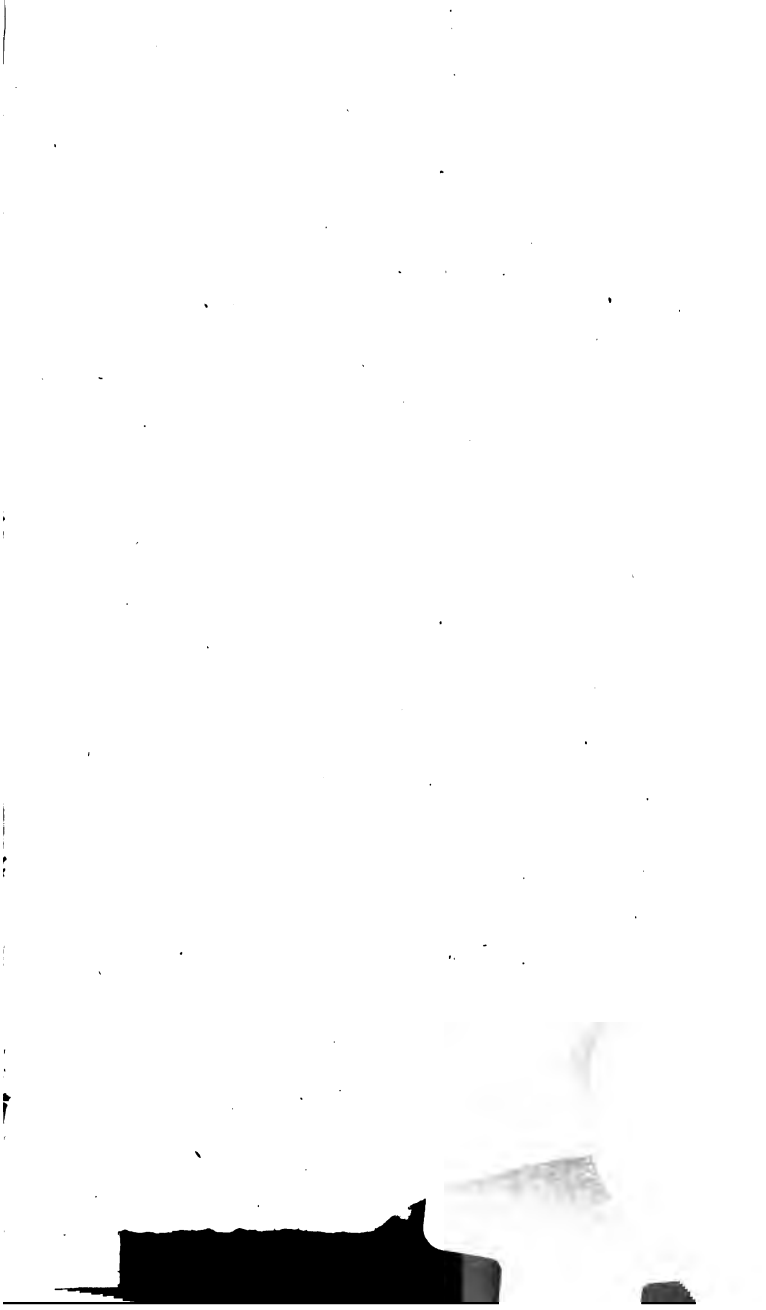
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